

Songs My Mother Taught Me (1971)

[Home](#) | [Folksongs of the American Fighter Pilot \(1971\)](#) |
[Graffiti \(1971\)](#) |
[VMA-224 Songbook USS Coral Sea \(1971\)](#) |
[VT-4 Rubber Ducks Hymnal \(1971\)](#) |
[Songs My Mother Taught Me \(1971\)](#) | [What's New](#) |
[Contact Us](#)

Unpaginated -- 24 pages. Page numbers are added in brackets. Compare the text below with the [Fighter Pilots Song No.77 Squadron](#) 1975 songbook.

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME (Revised Edition)
[pg.1]

Originally compiled by 77 Squadron, Royal Australian Air Force, Japan and Korea, 1950-1951.

RO-TIDDLE-EE-O [pg. 2]

Oh Mr Fisherman, home from the sea,
Have you any lobsters you can sell to me?

Chorus:,

Singing Ro-tiddle-ee-o, shit or bust,
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.
"Yes" said the fisherman "I have two,
The biggest of the bastards I will sell to you."

I wrapped the lobster up and I took the bastard home,
I showed it to the missus but she was on the phone.

I opened up the fridge but I couldn't find a dish,
So I put it in the place where the missus has a piss.

Now halfway through the night as you must know,
The missus got up to have a so-and-so.

Now the missus gave a squeal and the missus gave a
grunt,
When the silly fucking lobster bit her on the cunt.

Now I picked up a mop and the missus grabbed a broom,
And we chased that fucking lobster all around the room.

Now we hit it on the head and we hit it on the side,
We hit that fucking lobster till the bastard died.

There's a moral to this story and the moral is this,
Always have a shuffy before you have a piss.

That's the end of this story and there isn't any more,
There's an apple up my arsehole, you can have the core.

THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW [pg. 2]

Now I am a bachelor I live all alone,
I work at the weaver's trade,
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid,
I wooed her in the summer time and in the winter too,
And the only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night as I lay fast asleep,
She came to my bedside,
She laid her head upon my breast and she began to cry,
She sobbed, she sighed, she damn near died,
Oh lord what could I do,
So I took her into bed and I covered up her head,
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade,
And every, every time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of that fair young maid,
He reminds of the summertime and of the winter too,
And the only, only time that I held her in my arms,
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD [pg. 2]

Darling, let me fix your garter half an inch above your
knee,
And if my hand should wander, please don't think it ill of me,
Round your *** are hairs of silver,
Round your *** are hairs of gold,
Let us put them both together,
Silver threads among the gold.

LITTLE ANGELENE [pg. 3]

She was sweet sixteen, little Angelene,

Always dancing on the village green,
Was a virgin still, never had a thrill,
Poor little Angelene.

Now the village squire was of low desire,
Filthiest bastard in the whole damn shire,
And he'd set his heart on the vital part,
Of poor little Angelene,

'Twas the day of the fair, and the squire was there,
Masturbating in the village square,
When he chanced to see the dainty knee,
Of poor little Angelene.

She had lifter her skirt to avoid the dirt,
As she skipped between the puddles of the squires last
squirt,
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw,
Of poor little Angelene.

He lifted his hat and said, "Your cat,
Has been run over and is squashed quite flat,
Now my car's in the square, I'll take you there."
Poor little Angelene.

He had not gone far when he stopped the car,
Took little Angelene into a bar,
There he gave her gin, just to make her sin,
Poor little Angelene.

Then he took her to a dell which he knew very well,
And commenced to give her bloody fucking hell,
As he tried his luck on a low down fuck,
Of poor little Angelene.

Now it must be told that the blacksmith bold,
Had loved little Angelene for years untold,

And it must be true that she loved him too,
Poor little Angelene.

Now the blacksmith gay, that very same day,
Had been put in jail and there to stay,
For coming in his pants at the local dance,
With poor little Angelene.

Now the blacksmith's cell overlooked the dell,
Where little Angelene was getting bloody hell,
He got mighty sore at the sight he saw,
Of poor little Angelene.

He gave a start and a tremendous fart,
Blew the prison walls wide apart,
And he ran like shit lest the squire should split,
His poor little Angelene.

When he got to the spot he gave a kick in the twot,
Tied the villain's penis in a knot,
And as away he crawls he got a kick in the balls,
From poor little Angelene.

"Oh blacksmith true, I love you I do,
And I see by your trousers that you love me too,
Here am I undressed, come and do your best,"
Said poor little Angelene.

Now it won't take long to end this song,
For the blacksmith's tool was over two feet long,
And his unfailing charm was as strong as his arm,
Happy little Angelene.

O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER [pg. 4]

As I was seated by the fire,
Drinking O'Reilly's ale and porter,
Suddenly a thought came to my head,
I'd like to shag O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus:,

Widdy-I-O and a widdy -I-A,
Give three cheers for the one-eyed Reilly,.
Wop it up and lop it up her, balls and all,
Jig-a-jig-a-jig, shag on.

So up the stairs and into bed,
First I cocked my left leg over,
Never a word the maiden said,
But she laughed like hell till the shag was over.

Suddenly a footstep on the stairs,
Who should it be but the one-eyed Reilly,
With two pistols in his hand,
Looking for the man who'd shagged his daughter.

I grabbed the old man by the hair,
Stuffed his head in a bucket of water,
Stuffed his pistols up his arse,
A fucking side harder than I shagged his daughter.

And now old Reilly's dead and gone,
And so is the man who shagged his daughter,
We've taken the lid from O'Reilly's coffin,
To mend a hole in the shit-house door, Sir.

SAMMY HALL [pg. 4]

Oh my name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
Oh my name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
Oh my name is Sammy Hall, and I've only got one ball,
But it's better than fuck-all.

Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, Bloody hell, Shit.

Oh they say I killed a man, killed a man,
Oh they say I killed a man, killed a man,
For I hit him on the head with a fucking great lump of lead,
And now the bastard's dead.

Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, Bloody hell, Shit.

And they say I'm to be hung, to be hung,
And they say I'm to be hung, to be hung,
And they say I'm to be hung, for a crime I've never done,
They can stick it up their bum.

Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, Bloody hell, Shit.
So the Sheriff he will come, he will come,
So the Sheriff he will come, he will come,
So the Sheriff he will come, with his finger up his bum,
'Cause he cannot get his thumb,.

Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, Bloody hell, Shit.

And the Jury, they'll come too, they'll come too,
And the Jury, they'll come too, they'll come too,
And the Jury, they'll come too, in their nice new suits of blue,
'Cause they've got fuck all else to do.

Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, Bloody hell, Shit.

Then the Parson he will come, he will come,
Then the Parson he will come, he will come,
Then the Parson he will come, though he looks so fucking
glum,
With his tales of kingdom come.

Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, Bloody hell, Shit.

And now they're hanging me, hanging me,
And now they're hanging me, hanging me,
And now they're hanging me, oh, someone set me free,
This suspense is killing me.

Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, Bloody hell, Shit.

And now I am in hell, am in hell,
And now I am in hell, am in hell,
And now I am in hell, but its all a fucking sell,
'Cause the Parson's here as well,
Damn his eyes, Blast his soul, Bloody hell, Shit.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIRFORCE, [pg. 5]
(to be sung with feeling).

I don't want to join the Air Force,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around,
Piccadilly underground,
Living on the earnings of a high-born lady.

I don't want a bullet up me arse-hole,

I don't want me bollocks shot away,
I just want to stay in England,
Dear old bloody England,
And watch the other bastards sail away,
(Alt: and fornicate me fucking life away),
Gor, Blimey

On Monday night I touched her on the ankle,
On Tuesday night I touched her on the knee,
On Wednesday with success I tore off half her dress,
On Thursday night she asked me home to tea,
Gor, Blimey

On Friday night I put my hand upon it,
On Saturday night she gave my balls a tweak,
And on Sunday after supper I shoved the whole lot up her,
And now I'm paying ten and six a week,
Gor, Blimey ...

(Repeat first verse).

MY FAMILY [pg. 5]

Have you met my Uncle Hector,
He's a cock and ball inspector,
At a celebrated English public school,
And my brother sells French letters,
And a patent cure for wetters,
We're not the best of families, ain't it cruel?

My little sister Lily, is a whore on Piccadilly,
My mother is another on the Strand,
My father hawks his arse-hole,
Round the Elephant and Castle,
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

There's a gentlemen's convenience,
A short way down the Strand,
And the Ladies is a little further on,
For a penny on deposit, you can sit upon the closet,
But a season's ticket costs you half a crown.

THE AIRMAN'S LAMENT (THE BIG WHEEL) [pg. 6]

An airman told me before he died,
I don't know whether the bastard lied,
That his wife had a cunt so wide,
That she was never satisfied.

So he built a tool of shining steel,
Coupled it to a bloody great wheel,
Balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
Till in ecstasy she cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

Now we came to the tragic bit,
There was no way of stopping it,
And she was split from arse to tit,
And the whole fucking issue was covered in

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over from head to foot,
Covered all over in SHIT.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY [pg. 6]

The first time I saw her she was all dressed in white,
All in white, all in white, my God, her cunt was tight,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in brown,
All in brown, all in brown, I took her knickers down,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in green,
All in green, all in green, I filled her soup tureen,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in fawn,
All in fawn, all in fawn, two little bastards born,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in red,
All in red, all in red, two little bastards dead,
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I saw her she was all dressed in black,
All in black, all in black, boards nailed across her crack,
Down in the valley where she followed me,

OUR outhouse [pg. 6]

Please don't burn our shit-house down,
Mother has promised to pay,
Father's away on the ocean waves,
Kate's in the family way,

Brother, dear has gonorrhoea,
Times is fucking hard,
So please don't burn our shit-house down,
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

FATHER'S GRAVE [pg. 7]

They're digging up Father's grave to build sewer,
They're digging it up regardless of expense,
They're shifting his remains,
To put in ten inch drains,
To take away the shit from residents,
Gor, Blimey.

What's the use of having a religion,
If when you die your troubles never cease,
All because some big nosed twit,
Wants a pipe line for his shit,
Why won't they let the poor guy rest in peace,
Gor, Blimey.

But Father in his life was ne'er a quitter,
I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,
And when the job's complete,
He'll haunt that shit-house seat,
And only let them shit when he'll allow,
Gor, Blimey.

Won't there be some fucking constipation,
And won't those shit-bound bastards rant and rave,
But they'll get what they deserve,
For having the bleeding nerve,

To fuck about with a British workman's grave.

OH, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN [pg. 7]

My father's an apple pie vendor,
My mother makes synthetic gin,
My sister walks out of an evening,
My God how the money rolls in.

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in, roils in,
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God how the money rolls in.

My brother's a keen missionary,
Wot saves pure young maidens from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for ten dollars,
My God how the money rolls in.

I'd an uncle who was a night watchman,
Who spent all his nights in the pit,
He used to come home in the mornings,
All covered all over in shit.

My Auntie manufactures French letters,
My cousin pricks holes with a pin,
My uncle performs the abortions,
My God how the money rolls in.

HUMORESQUE [pg. 7]

Passengers will please refrain,
From passing water whilst the train,
Is standing in the station, yes indeed,
While the train is in the station,
We encourage constipation,
A little self control is what you need.

If you really must pass water,
Please inform the porter who,
Will place a vessel in the vestibule,
Whilst the train is in the station,
We encourage constipation,
That is why we have to make this rule.

SALOME [pg.8]

Down our street we had a merry party,
Everybody there was all so gay and hearty,
Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat,
And we drank all the beer from the boozier down the street.

There was old uncle Joe, he was fair fucked up,
So we put him in the cellar with the old bull pup,
Little sonny Jim was trying to get it in,
With his arse-hole winking at the moon.

Oh Salome, Salome that's my girl Salome,
Standing there with her arse all bare,
Waiting for someone to slide it in there,
Oh slide it and glide it,
Right up her fucking shute,

Two brass balls and the shankers too,
And a foreskin full of shit.

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me,
She's got hairs on her belly like the branches of a tree,
She can run jump, fuck and fight,
Wheel a barrow, ride a bike,
That's my girl Salome.

On Monday night she takes it up the back,
On Tuesday night she hauls in the slack,
On Wednesday night she has a spell,
On Thursday night she flicks like hell,
On Friday night she takes it up her nose,
In between her fingers, down between her toes,
On Saturday night she dishes out gams,
And she goes to church on Sunday.

JESUS WANTS ME FOR A SUNBEAM [pg. 8]

Jesus wants me for a sunbeam,
And a flicking fine sunbeam am I -
Sunbeam am I.

DINAH [pg. 8]

We're been working on the railroad,
All the live long day,
We've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away,
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
At night or early in the morn,
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,

Oh Dinah blow your horn.

Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow your hor-or-orn,
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah won't you blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someone's in the kitchen I know, I know,
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strumming on the old banjo.

Singing fee-fi-fiddle-E-I-O,
Fee-fi-fiddle-E-I-O-I-O-O,
Fee-fi-fiddle-E-I-O,
Strumming on the old banjo.

CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS [pg. 9] (tune JOHN PEEL)

The donkey is a solitary moke,
He very seldom gets a poke,
But when he does, he lets it soak,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Chorus:,

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,
Cats with the syphilis, the clap and the piles,
Cats with their arse-holes wreathed in smiles,
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

Hippopotamus so it seems,
Very seldom has wet dreams,
But when he does, he comes in streams,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Poor old bovine, poor old bull,
Very seldom gets a pull,
But when he does, the cow if full,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Poor little tortoise in his shell,
Doesn't manage very well,
But when he does he fucks like hell,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Now the hairy old gorilla is a sedentary ape,
Who very seldom does much rape,
But when he does he comes like tape,
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Bow-legged women shit like goats,
Balk headed men all fuck like stoats,
While the congregation sits and gloats,
And revels in the joys of copulation.

Now I met a girl and she was dear,
But she gave me a dose of gonorrhoea,
Fools rush in where angels fear,
To revel in the joys of copulation.

Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
He's a dirty old sod so all men say,
For he can't toss off in the normal way,
So his hounds lick his horn in the morning.

When you wake up in the morning and you're feeling full

of joy,
And your wife isn't willing and your daughter isn't coy,
Then you've got to use the arse-hole of your eldest boy,
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

When you wake up in the morning with a ten inch stand,
And there isn't any woman in the whole of the land,
Then there's nothing for it but to use your hand,
As you revels in the joys of copulation.

REMEMBER [pg. 9]

Remember the night, when you were tight,
my darling remember,
When I was on heat, and said you might,
my darling remember,
Remember you found a tender spot,
right in the middle of my twot,
You said you'd withdraw before you shot,
But you forgot to
remember.

KHARTOUM [pg. 10]

There's bags of batchy airmen, way down in the sunny
Sudan,
Where everyone is batchy and so's the flicking old man,
There's bags and bags of bullshit, saluting on the square,
And when we're not saluting we're up in the fucking air.

We're leaving Khartoum by the light of the moon,
We travel by night and by day,
As we pass Kasfereit we'll have fuck all to eat,
'Cause we've thrown all our rations away.

Shire, shire, *Somersetshire*,
The skipper looks on her with pride,
He'd have a blue tit if he saw any shit,
On the side of the *Somersetshire*.

This is my story, this is my song,
I've been in this air force too fucking long,
So bring on the *Rodney*, the *Nelson*, *Renown*,
They can't bring the *Hood* 'cause the fuckers gone down,

Tooralay, Tooralay,
Oh we'll fuck all the SPs who come down our way.

THE TINKER [pg. 10]

A dutchess was a-dressing, a-dressing for a ball,
When she spied a tinker pissing up against a wall.

Chorus:,

With his bloody great kidney wiper,
And his bollocks swinging free,
And half a yard of foreskin,
Hanging down below his knee.

The Dutchess wrote a letter and in it she did say,
"I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my husband any day."

The tinker got the letter and when it he did read,

His balls began to fester and his prick began to bleed.

He jumped upon his charger, to the castle he did ride,
With his bollocks on his shoulder and his prick coiled by his
side.

He rode up to the castle, he rode up to the hall,
"Gorblimey" said the butler, "He's come to fuck us all."

He fucked 'em in the kitchen, he fucked 'em in the hall,
But when he back-scuttled the butler, 'twas the dirtiest fuck
of all.

And last he fucked the lady, against her bedroom door,
But judging by the size of her cunt, he thought she'd been a
whore.

He mounted on his charger and rode off down the street,
While little drops of semen pitter-pattered at his feet.

And how the tinker's dead, Sir, some say he's gone to hell,
If he has he'll fuck the Devil, and I know he'll fuck him well

BRITISH GRENADIERS [pg. 10]

Some die of diabetes and some of diarrhoea,
Some die of drinking whisky and some of drinking beer,
But of all the world's diseases there's none that can
compare,
With the drip, drip, drip from the end of your prick,
Of the British Gonorrhoea.

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT [pg. 11]

When I came home last Saturday night as drunk as I
could be,
I saw a hat upon the rack where my hat ought to be,
I said to my darling wifey "Now tell all it to me,
Who owns that hat upon the rack where my hat ought to
be?"
She said "You're blind, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're blind and cannot see.
For that is a basin that your mother gave to me".

In all my worldly travels, ten thousand miles or more,
I've never seen a basin with a hat band on before.

When I came home last Saturday night as drunk as I
could be,
I saw a coat upon the bed where my coat ought to be,
I said to my darling wifey "Now tell all it to me,
Who owns that coat upon the bed where my coat ought to
be?"
She said "You're blind, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're blind and cannot see.
"For that is a blanket that your mother gave to me",
In all my worldly travels, ten thousand miles or more,
I've never seen a blanket with brass buttons on before.

When I came home last Saturday night as drunk as I
could be,
I saw a head beside the head where my head ought to be,
I said to my darling wifey "Now tell all it to me,
Who owns that head beside the head where my head ought
to be?"
She said "You're blind, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,

You're blind and cannot see.

"For that is a turnip that your mother gave to me",
In all my worldly travels, ten thousand miles or more,
I've never seen a turnip with a mustache on before.

When I came home last Saturday night as drunk as I
could be,
I saw a thing beside the thing where my thing ought to be,
I said to my darling wifey "Now tell all it to me,
Who owns that thing beside the thing where my thing ought
to be?"

She said "You're blind, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're blind and cannot see.

"For that is a rolling pin your mother gave to me",
In all my worldly travels, ten thousand miles or more,
I've never seen a rolling pin with balls on it before.

When I came home last Saturday night as drunk as I
could be,
I saw a bum beside the bum where my bum ought to be,
I said to my darling wifey "Now tell all it to me,
Who owns that bum beside the bum where my bum ought to
be?

She said "You're blind, you're drunk, you silly old cunt,
You're blind and cannot see.

"For that's the dear young baby yourself you gave to me",
In all my worldly travels, ten thousand miles or more,
I've never seen a baby's bum with warts on it before.

THE MARRYING KIND [pg. 11]

If I were a marrying maid, which thank the Lord I'm not,
sir,
The kind of man that I would web, would be a rugby fullback,
sir,

For he'd find touch, and I'd find touch,
We're both find touch, together,
We're be alright in the middle of the night,
Finding touch together.

A wing three-quarter - He'd go fast.
A centre three-quarter - He'd go straight.
A stand off half- He'd cut through.
A rugby scrum half- He'd put it in.
A rugby loose forward - He'd break fast.
A second row forward - He'd bind tight.
A front row forward - He'd push hard.
A rugby referee - He'd blow hard.
A rugby linesman - He'd put it up.

A rugby spectator - For he'd clap clap,
And I'd clap clap,
We'd both clap clap together,
We'd be alright in the middle of the night,
Clap clap clap together.

THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN [pg. 12]

The portions of a woman that appeal to a man's depravity,
Are fashioned with considerable care,
And what at first appears to be a harmless little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

Doctors of distinction have examined the abdomena,
Of various experimental dames,
And have listed the components of these womanly
phenomena,

And given the most charming Latin names.

There's the clitoris, the vagina, the vulva, perineum,
And the hymen in the case of certain brides,
Delightful small devices you would love if you could see 'em,
There's a hundred other little things besides.

Isn't it a pity then that we poor men chatter,
Upon the things to which I have referred,
We use for what is really a most complicated matter,
Such a short and unattractive little word.

The reply:

The erudite authorities who study the geography,
Of these remote but interesting lands,
Are able to indulge their taste for intimate topography,
And view the scenic details close at hand.

But while we lesser mortals are aware of the existence,
Of mysteries beneath the pubic knoll,
We're normally contented to survey them at a distance,
And treat them roughly speaking as a whole.

But when we are confronted with some morsel of virginity,
We exercise a gentle sense of touch,
We do not cloak the matter in meticulous Latinity,
But call the whole affair a such and such.

Men have made this useful but inelegant commodity,
The subject of innumerable jibes,
And while the name we call it by is something of an oddity,
It seems to fit the subject it describes.

THREE OLD MAIDS [pg. 12]

Chorus:

Oh dear, what can the matter be,
Three old maids were locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Monday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

The first lady's name was Elizabeth Porter,
She was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
Who went to get rid of some old virgin water,
And nobody knew she was there.

The second lady's name was Elizabeth Humphrey,
Who went for a pee and could not get her bum free,
She said "Oh my dear, this is really quite comfy",
Nobody knew she was there.

The third lady's name was Elizabeth Bender,
Who went to adjust a broken suspender,
And got it mixed up with her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

ABDUL A BUL BUL AMEER [pg. 13]

The harems of Egypt are fair to behold,
And the harlots the fairest of fair,
And the fairest of all was owned by a sheik,
Known as Abdul a Bul Bul Ameer.

A travelling brothel came to the town,
Owned by a Russian who came from afar,

He offered a challenge to all who could shag,
As Ivan Skavinzky Skavar.

Now Abdul rode by with his snatch by his side,
His eyes flamed with a burning desire,
And he wagered ten thousand that he could outshag,
This Ivan Skavinzky Skavar.

They came on the track with their tools hanging slack,
The starter's gun punctured the air,
They were quick to the rise and all gaped at the size,
Of Abdul a Bul Bul Ameer.

Although Abdul was quick at flicking his flick,
And the action was learnt by the Czar,
He couldn't compete with the long steady beat,
Of Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Ivan had won and was polishing his gun,
And bent over to polish his pair,
When he felt something pass up his great hairy arse,
It was Abdul a Bul Bul Ameer.

The Harlots turned green, the men shouted "Queen!",
They were ordered apart by the Czar,
But Abdul, fuck his luck, had got himself stuck,
In the arse of Skavinsky Skavar.

Now the cream of the joke when at last they were broke,
Was laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul, the fool, had left half of his tool,
In the arse of Skavinsky Skavar.

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR [pg. 13]

Last night I went to bed, it had only just turned nine,
And by some sweet misfortune, her room was next to mine,
And like to great Columbus with regions to explore,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

She sat beside the fireside her pretty feet to warm,
She'd just a white chemise on to hide her naked form,
And after a few moments she pissed upon the floor,
Why, yes, I saw her do it, through the keyhole in the door.

I waited a few moments then opened wide the door,
And after some persuasion I crossed the pissed-on floor,
And so no other bastard could see what I had seen before,
I hung that snow-white chemise on the keyhole in the door.

Last night I slept in rapture and other things besides,
And on that snow-white belly, I had many, many rides,
But when I woke this morning my cock was red and sore,
It felt as though I'd stuffed it through the keyhole in the door.

THE MONK [pg. 14]

There lived a monk of great renown,
There lived a monk of great renown,
There lived a monk of great renown,
And he fucked all the women all over town.

Chorus:

The old sod, the old sod, the dirty old bastard,
The bugger deserved to die, fuck,

Let us pray - Glory, glory, halleluja.

He took them to his lily white bed,
He took them to his lily white bed,
He took them to his lily white bed,
And fucked them all till they were dead.

One day he met a maiden fair,
One day he met a maiden fair,
One day he met a maiden fair,
And he lured her up into his lair.

He took her to his marble halls,
He took her to his marble halls,
He took her to his marble halls,
And showed her his prick and his bloody great balls.

He laid her on his lily white bed,
He laid her on his lily white bed,
He laid her on his lily white bed,
And he fucked the girl till she was dead.

The other monks all cried "For shame",
The other monks all cried "For shame",
The other monks all cried "For shame",
They took up a knife and cut off his fame.

But on that resurrection morn,
But on that resurrection morn,
But on that resurrection morn,
The dirty old bugger had still got a horn.

And so that monk has gone to hell,
And so that monk has gone to hell,
And so that monk has gone to hell,
And we've heard that he's fucking the devil as well.

THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER [pg. 14]

The Mayor of Bayswater's got a whore for a daughter,
And the hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knee.

I know cause I've seen them. I've been up and in between
them,
The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knee.

One black one, one white one, and one with a bit of shite
on,
The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knee.

And if I should court her, I'd have 'em cut shorter,
The hairs of her Micky di-do hang down to her knee.

THE WOODPECKER [pg. 14]

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it."

I took my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said, "God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it.

Turn it round - revolve it,
Turn it back - reverse it,
Slow it down - retard it,
In and out - reciprocate it,
Smell it now - revolting.

RICKY DAN DO [pg. 15]

As I was walking down the street,
A fair young maid I chanced to meet,
She said "Hello how do you do,
Would you like to play with my Ricky Dan Do".

"Your Ricky Dan Do," I said, "What's that?",
"It's soft and smooth, like a pussy cat,
Hairs all round and split in two,
That's what I call my Ricky Dan Do." (Chorus).

She took me to her father's cellar,
She said to me "You're a very nice feller",
She gave me wine and whisky too,
And I played all night with her Ricky Dan Do,

Her father came and her father said,
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead,
So pack your grip and baggage too,
And earn your living with your Ricky Dan Do".

She went to town to be a whore,
She hung this notice outside her door,
"Ten dollars down, no less will do,
If you want to play with my Ricky Dan Do".

There came a policeman up to her door,
"Show me your licence to be a whore",
"I have no licence, tell you what I'll do,
I'll let you play with my Ricky Dan Do",

The boys all came, the boys all went,
The price came down to eighteen cents,
From sweet sixteen to eighty two,
All had a bash at her Ricky Dan Do.

There came a guy, a son of a bitch,
Who had the pox and the sailor's itch,
He had blue balls and shankers too,
And he played all night with her Ricky Dan Do,

And the Ricky Dan Do now is badly worn,
The Ricky Dan Do is tattered and torn,
The Ricky Dan Do now is up the kite,
To the Ricky Dan Do we'll say "Good night."

WIRRAWAYS DON'T WORRY ME [pg. 15]

Wirraways don't worry me, Wirraways don't worry me,
Oil burning bastards with flaps on their wings,
With buggered up pistons and buggered up rings,
The bomb load is so fucking small,
Three fifths of five eighths of fuck all,
There's such a commotion out over the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

They say that the Japs have a very fine kite,
That we're no longer in doubt,
When there's a zero way out on your tail,
This is the way to get out,
Be cool and collected, be calm and serene,
Don't let your British blood boil,
Don't hesitate, shove her right through the gate,
And drown the poor bastard in oil

DARK AND DREAMY EYES [pg.16]

A few old whores of Portsmouth town,
Were drinking Spanish wine,
The gist of the conversation was,
"Is your cunt bigger than mine?".

Then up there spake the fisherman's wife,
And she was dressed in black,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a fishing smack,
She had a fishing smack, my boys,
The sodlings and the dabs,
And in the other corner,
She'd a shocking dose of crabs.

Chorus:,

She had those dark and dreamy eyes,
And a whizz-bang up her jacksey,
She was one of the flash-eyed whores,
One of the old brigade.

Then up there spake the brewer's wife,
And she was dressed in grey,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a brewer's dray,
She had a brewer's dray, my boys,
A thing just like a truck,

In the other corner,

She'd the remains of last night's fuck.

Then up there spake the sailor's wife,
And she was dressed in blue,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a life-boat's crew,
She had a life-boat's crew, my boys,
The rowlocks and the oars,
And in the other corner,
The Marines were forming fours.

Then up there spake the cricketer's wife,
And she was dressed in vermillion,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Lords pavilion,
She had the Lords pavilion, my boys,
A special sort of joint,
And in the other corner,
There was Hobbs at cover point.

Then up there spake the barman's wife,
And she was dressed in yellow,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the whole wine cellar,
She had the whole wine cellar, my boys,
With barrels full of beer,
And in the other corner,
She had the pox and gonorrhoea.

Then up there spake the airman's wife,
And she was dressed in beige,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had a Handly-Page,
She had a Handly-Page, my boys,
With a joystick and its knob,
And in the other corner,
Were two airmen on the job.

Then up there spake the actor's wife,
Who was also dressed in beige,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Windmill stage,
She had the Windmill stage, my boys,
The gallery and the stalls,
And in the other corner,
She had C.B. Cochrane's balls.

And then up spake the pilot's wife,
And she was dressed in chrome,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the aerodrome,
She had the aerodrome, my boys,
The bombers and the troops,
And in the other corner,
There Wimpys Looping Loops.

Then there was the ops room girl,
She was a little WAAF,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the Ops room staff,
She had the Ops room staff, my boys,
All fucking there like hell,
And in the other corner,
She'd the signals staff as well.

And then up spake the telephone girl,
And she was dressed very strange,
And in one corner of her funny little thing,
She had the camp exchange,
She had the camp exchange, my boys,
The wires and all the switches,
And in the other corner,
The CO'd left his britches.

THEY CALLED THE BASTARD STEPHENS [pg. 17]

A maid sat in a mountain glen,
Seducing herself with a fountain pen,
The capsule broke, the ink ran wild,
And she gave birth to a blue-black child.

And they called the bastard Stephens,
And they called the bastard Stephens,
And they called the bastard Stephens,
'Cause he was a blue-black child.

No matter how nor where nor when,
Use Stephens ink in your fountain pen.

FUNICULI-FUNICULA [pg. 17]

Last night I pulled my pud, I thought I would to do me
good,
Last night I used the long stroke, I used the short stroke,
I used my hand, 'twas simply grand,
Smash it, crash it, bash it on the floor,
Heave it, squeeze it, jam it in the door,
Some folks stick to buggery and some think fucking's grand,
But for personal enjoyment, I shall always use my hand.

IN MOBILE [pg. 18]

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile,
But there's keyholes in the doors,
And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile.

There's a blockage in the bogs in Mobile (3 times),
It's a habit of the working classes,
When they've finished with their glasses,
They just stuff them up their arses in Mobile.

Oh the old dun cow is dead in Mobile (3 times),
But the children must be fed,
So we'll milk the bull instead in Mobile.

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile (3 times),
And they shit right in your eye,
So thank God the cows don't fly in Mobile,

Oh the Negroes they grew tall in Mobile (3 times),
But they shoot them in the fall,
And they eat 'em balls and all in Mobile.

Oh the parson he has come in Mobile (3 times),
With his words of kingdom come,
He can stuff 'em up his bum in Mobile.

There's no shortage of good beer in Mobile (3 times),
And they give us damn good cheer,
Oh thank God that we are here in Mobile.

There's a lovely girl called Dinah in Mobile (3 times),

For a fuck there is no finer,
'Cause she's got the best vagina in Mobile.

There's a man called Lanky Danny in Mobile (3 times),
And his instinct is uncanny,
When he's fingering a fanny in Mobile.

There's a tavern in the town in Mobile (3 times),
Where for half a fucking crown,
You can get a bit of brown in Mobile.

Oh the girls all wear tin pants in Mobile (3 times),
But they take them off to dance,
Just to give the boys a chance in Mobile.

There's excess of copulation in Mobile (3 times),
They relax for stimulation,
On mutual masturbation in Mobile.

The CO is a bugger in Mobile (3 times),
And the adj, he is another,
So they bugger one another in Mobile.

OH JOHNNY [pg. 18]

Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, look what you've done,
Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, I'll tell my mum,
You've put me in the family way,
Whatever will my daddy say,
Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, I'm six months gone,
Three more months to go,
If you value your life, you will make me your wife,
Oh Johnny, oh Johnny, oh.

OLD NINETY-SEVEN [pg. 19]

There were ninety-seven airplanes warming up on the
apron,
Far as the eye could see,
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction,
But the last was a 51-D.

Then a second lieutenant wandered into operations,
Asked for a ship to fly,
They said "Young man, we are very short of airplanes,
But we'll get you a something by and by."

Now the first forty-six were reserved for the majors,
The captains have the next forty-nine,
There's only one other ship on the end of the apron,
Said the shavetail, "Then that one is mine."

So he flew over Taejon and the Taegu airstrip,
When the ceiling began to fall,
The clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains,
He couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through the rain, he flew through the snowstorm,
When the light began to fail,
Then he spied a railroad going in his direction,
And he said "Better get there by rail."

He flew down the valley and he dodged through the
canyon,
Keeping that train in his sight,
Till the rails disappeared in a hole in the mountains,
The was the end of his flight.

It was old ninety-seven with her nose in the mountain,
Her wheels set akimbo on the track,
Yes her throttle was bent in the forward direction,
But her engine was facing straight back.

Oh ladies, ladies, take fair warming,
From this time now on,
Never speak harsh words to your high-flying pilot,
He may leave you and never return.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS [pg. 19]

No don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,
They're scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain

Chorus:

No give me operations, way out on some lonely atoll,
For I am too young to die, I just want to grow old.

And don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind,
She'll tumble and spin and she'll auger you in

Don't give me a Peter-four oh, it's a hell of an airplane I
know,
She's a ground looping bastard, and you're sure to get
plastered.

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B,
She's fast, I don't care, she blows up in mid-air ...,,

And don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground-loving
whore,
She'll whine and she'll wheeze and make straight for the

trees

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS [pg. 20]

I was cruising down the Yalu, doing six and twenty per,
When a call came from the major, oh won't you save me sir?
Got three flack holes in my wings, my tanks are out of gas,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! I got six Migs up my ass.

Chorus:

Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's ass,
Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah,
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

I shot my traffic pattern and to me it looked alright,
The airspeed read one-thirty, my God I racked it tight,
Then the airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Spin instructions please.

Fucked up my cross wind landing, my wingtip hit the ground,
Got a call from mobile "Pull up and go around."
I yanked that meteor in the air, a hundred feet or more,
The engines quit, I damn near shit, the gear came through the floor.

It was split S on my bomb run, and I got too goddamned low,
But I pressed that bloody button, and I let those babies go,

Sucked the stick back fast as blazes, when I hit a high speed
stall,
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done next
fall.

Strafing on the target, my passes were too low,
Got a call from Turkeytrot, "Once more and home you go."
I racked the meteor in the air, a hundred feet or more,
Alas, alack I'm on my back, why did I use full bore?

Then they sent me down to Pyongyang, the brief said no
ack ack,
But by the time that I arrived there, my wings were mostly
flack,
Then my engine coughed and spluttered, it was too cut up to
fly,
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! I'm too young to die.

I bailed out from the sabre and the landing came out fine,
With my E and E equipment, I made for our front line,
Then I opened up my ration to see what was in it,
The goddamned quartermaster had filled the tin with shit.

CIGAREETS AND SAKE [pg. 20]

Now, once I was happy, I had a dear wife,
I had enough yen for to last me for life,
I met with a josan, we went on a spree,
She started me smokin' and drinking sake.

Chorus:

Cigareets and sake and wild wild josans,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane,
Cigareets and sake and wild wild josans,

They'll drive y crazy, they'll drive you insane.

I got into bed then, some sleep for to get,
She said, "No sleep, flyboy, I no tired yet."
Well I woke the next morning, a quarter past ten,
I was missing my wallet and ten thousand yen.

Now back in Chitose, I'm limping about,
Me and the doctor are sweating it out,
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf,
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.

FIGHTER PILOTS' LAMENT. [pg.21]

Oh there are no fighter pilots in hell,
Oh there are no fighter pilots in hell,
Oh the place if full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,
Oh there are no fighter pilots in hell.

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They are in the USOs, wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,
The automatic pilot's on, he's reading novels in the john.
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce,

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Wing,
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Wing,
The place if full of brass, sitting 'round on their fat arse.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Wing,

Oh there are no fighter pilots back at home,
Oh there are no fighter pilots back at home,
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of
whores.
Oh there are no fighter pilots back at home.

BLESS 'EM ALL [pg. 21]

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cursing him yet,
For he tried to go over the wall,
With his tiptanks, his tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off,
Cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Well, bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball,
Bless all those instructors who taught me to fly,
Sent me to solo and left me to die,
If ever your blow jet should stall,
Well you're in for one hell of a fall,
No lilies, no violets for dead fighter pilots,
Cheer up my lads, bless 'em all

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless all the sergeants and their bloody sons,
Bless all the corporals, the fat headed ones,
I'm saying goodbye to them all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Here's to you and lots of others,

You can shove it up brothers,
I'm going back home in the fall.

ROLL ME OVER [pg. 21]

Now this is number one and the song has just begun,.

Chorus:

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again,
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number two, and he's got me in a stew,
Now this is number three, and his hand is on my knee,
Now this is number four, and he's got me on the floor,
Now this is number five, and his hand is on my thigh,
Now this is number six, and he's got me in a fix,
Now this is number seven and I think I am in heaven,
Now this is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate,
Now this is number nine, and the twins are doing fine,
Now this is number ten, and he's started once again.

UP THE DUFF [pg. 22]

My girlfriend's up the duff in Canberra city,
She's only got another month to go,
I took her out to Luna Park, and went aboard the dipper,
Then coming down the stairs, I tried my very best to trip her,

It looks as tho' it's going to be a very stubborn nipper,
For she's only got another month to grow,
She's gone about as far as she can go.

She told me many months ago that it was getting late,
According to the calendar I've only one to wait,
Four weeks and a day or tow should be the opening date.

I took her to the doctors, I took her to the quacks,
I took her on a motor bike over bumpy tracks,
But I expect a rebate on my next year's income tax.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY [pg. 22]

Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
Parties make the world go round,
So let's have a party

Let's have a party, let's have some fun,
Let's have a party, 77 Squadron's on the run,
Break left, break right,
Streamers on the wing,
Snapdragons, slow-rolls,
We do everything,
We are the joy boys of old Kimpo,
Hello, hello, hello, hello-oh-oh.

THEY'RE TEARING DOWN THE BAR [pg. 22]

(See the notes about this next part which would have
been recited to alternate boos and cheers.)

Now we're going to tear down the bar in the officers' club,
(Boo!)
We're going to build us a new bar, (Hurray!)
It's only gonna be one foot wide (Boo!),
But it's gonna be a mile long, (Hooray! - and so on at the end
of each line)

There's gonna be no bar tenders at our bar,
There's only gonna be barmaids,
Our barmaids will wear long dresses,
Made out of cellophane,
You can't take our barmaids to your bunks,

They take you to theirs,
You can't sleep with our barmaids,
They don't let you sleep,
Soda's gonna be ten bucks a glass,
Whisky is free,
Only one to each pilot,
Served in buckets,

We're gonna throw all the beer in the river,
And then we'll all go swimming,
Now no girls are allowed in the USO hall,
With their clothes on,
There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor,
And no dancing on the lovin' floor

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS [pg. 23]

'Twas on the good ship Venus,

By God you should have seen us,
The figure head was a whore in bed,
And the mast a rampant penis.

Chorus:

Frigging in the rigging,
Frigging in the rigging,
Frigging in the rigging,
There's fuck all else to do.

The Captain of the lugger,
He wasn't made of sugar,
He wasn't made of sugar,
The syphilitic bugger.

The C.C. Navigation,
Was hot on masturbation,
He taught these joys to two small boys,
And gave them constipation.

The first mate's name was Morgan,
He really was a gorgon,
Three times a day he used to play,
Upon his sexual organ.

The cabin boys name was Ripper,
He was an artful nipper,
He stuffed his arse with broken glass,
And circumcised the skipper.

The Quartermaster was Pember,
He had a crashing member,
On nights of frost, himself he tossed,
Before a glowing ember.

The Bosun's name was Walker,

He really was a corker,
The filthy sod had been in quod,
For dalliance with a porker.

Once in a drunken frolic,
The bosun lost a bollock,
With foul intent on Mable bent,
He impaled it on a rowlock.

The ship's dog name was Rover,
By gad he was in clover,
We ground and ground that faithful hound,
From Tenerife to Dover.

The cabin boy was pretty,
It really is a pity,
The things they did to that poor kid,
Would quite upset this ditty.

The Captain had a daughter,
Who fell into the water,
Delighted squeals revealed that eels,
Had found her sexual quarter.

His daughter's name was Mable,
As good as she was able,
Till Juicing (?) Jude to her was rude,
Upon the kitchen table.

They sailed to far Algeria,
To none were they inferior,
The prostitutes along the routes,
Grow wearier and wearier.

They made for the Bahamas,
The harems and zenanas,
They did eschew that poxy crew,

And much preferred bananas.

They sailed to Buenos Aires,
And laid with all the fairies,
They got the syph at Tenerife,
And clap in the Canaries.

The cook's name was O'Malley,
He did not dilly dally,
He pulled his bolt with such a jolt,
He white-washed half the galley.

Then tired of fornication,
They sought a new sensation,
They sunk a junk in a sea of spunk,
Through mutual masturbation.

Then tired of this pollution,
They sought for absolution,
They upped the priest, the dirty beast,
And broke their resolution.

At first the priest resisted,
But then the crew insisted,
And some burned rum beneath his bum,
And some his bollocks twisted.

Pray benediction for us,
Pour absolution o'er us,
You shaggy shite you shall recite,
The Hallelujah Chorus.

ANTHONY ROLY [pg. 24]

A is for arse-holes, all covered in shit,
Hey ho says Roly,
And B is for bugger who revels in it,
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

C's for cunt, all dripping in piss,
Hey ho says Roly,
And D for the drunkard who gave it a kiss.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

E's for the eunuch with only one ball,
Hey ho says Roly,
And F for the fucker with no ball at all.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

G is for goitre, gonorrhoea and gout,
Hey ho says Roly,
And H is for harlot who dishes it out.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

I is for injection for syphilis and itch,
Hey ho says Roly,
And J is the jump of a dog on a bitch.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

K is for king who shot on the floor,
Hey ho says Roly,
And L is for lousy, licentious whore.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,

Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

M is for maidenhead, tattered and torn,
Hey ho says Roly,
And N is for Nancy whose arse-hole is worn.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

O is for orifice already revealed,
Hey ho says Roly,
And P is for penis, ready unpeeled.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

Q is for Quaker who shot in his hat,
Hey ho says Roly,
And R is for the roger who rogered the cat.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

S is the shit-pit full to the brim,
Hey ho says Roly,
And T is the turd that is floating therein.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

U is the usher who taught in the school,
Hey ho says Roly,
And V is the virgin who played with his tool.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

W is the whore who thinks fucking's a farce,
Hey ho says Roly,
And X, Y and Z you can stick up your arse.
With a Roly, Poly, gammon and spinach,
Hey ho for Anthony Roly.

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